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PEACE ONLY IN

DEATH!

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RAAB

RUBI

MURRAY

**PETE WISDOM IS
MAKING AMENDS.**



Stan Lee
Presents

AMENDMENTS

BEN RAAB **MEL RUBI** **ROB HUNTER**
WRITER PENCILS INKS

RS & COMICRAFT'S KS LETTERS
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IF NOT FOR
WISDOM...

...HIS TEAMMATES --
MEGGAN AND
DOUGLOCK -- WOULDN'T
BE SECONDS AWAY FROM
DROWNING AT THE BOTTOM
OF A VENETIAN CANAL.

MUST...

IF NOT FOR
WISDOM...

...KEEP...

...EXCALIBUR'S TEAM LEADER --
THE SWARMBUCKLING
NIGHTCRAWLER -- WOULDN'T BE
HOSTAGE TO A TRIO OF INTER-
GALACTIC BOUNTY HUNTERS
DEMANDING VENGEANCE.

THEN AGAIN, IF NOT
FOR WISDOM...

...GOING!

GAASSP!

...NONE OF THEM WOULD
STAND A REMOTE CHANCE
OF SURVIVAL.



MADE IT!

SARELY.

ME
BLACK O' LUNG'S
AIN'T WOT
THEY USED TA
BE.

CRUIKEY,
I COULD USE
A CIGARETTE
RIGHT NOW.



BUT THAT'S GONNA
HAYETA WAIT UNTIL
I GET THESE TWO
ON THEIR FEET
AGAIN...

C'MON, YA
BOODY ELF --
HEE! HEE! HEE! --
DON'T DIE ON
ME NOW!



"BREATHE!"

-KOFF-
-KOFF-
-KOFF-



OMG... WHAT
HAPPENED?

LAST
THING I REMEMBER
WAS THE MIDNIGHT
RUNNER BEING BLASTED
BY SOME ALIEN. WE
STARTED TAKING
IN WATER...



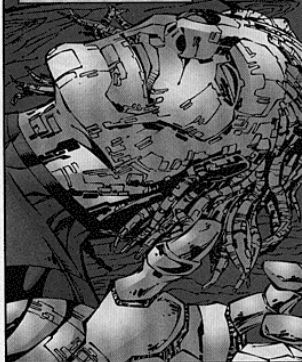
YEAH
YEAH YEAH...
YER FINE.

C'MERE -- I
NEED YA T' HOTWIRE
E.T. SO HE CAN GET
A BEAD ON
'CRAWLER'S POSITION
UNDERWATER!



...AND LANDING IN THE INERT DOUGLOCK'S TECHNO-ORGANIC BODY...

...ALAS, TO NO AVAIL.



I TRIED, DOUG.
I TRIED MENDING THE DAMAGE, BUT IT WAS JUST TOO ~SMUFF~ SEVERE.
PLEASE... FORGIVE ME.



SURE, FOR WHAT...P

HUH?



8 MEANWHILE, AT THE
BOTTOM OF THE
CANAL...

KROM

WE
BEAT YOU
DOWN... YET
YOU STAND
UP.

WE
SMASH YOU.
YET YOU FIGHT
BACK.

WE
VOW TO KILL YOU.
YET YOU CLING TO THE
HOPE THAT YOU WILL
SURVIVE TO RESCUE
YOUR MISSHAPEN
COMRADE.

WHAT
SORT OF CREATURE
ARE YOU TO RISK YOUR
VERY LIFE FOR A BEING
WITH WHICH YOU SHARE
NO DISCERNIBLE
CONNECTION?







KURT,
TOVARISCH
YOU'RE
ALIVE!



IN THE FUZZY BLUE
FLESH, COLOSSUS/
THOUGH I CAN'T
DENY THAT IT'S A
MIRACLE.



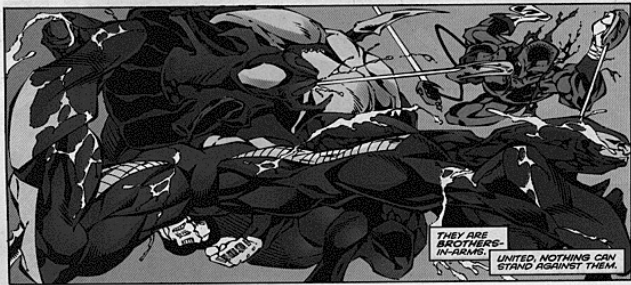
DA, COMRADE,
AFTER
THE BEATING I HAVE
JUST SUFFERED
AT ITS... UH...
HANDS...

IT
WOULD BE A
PLEASURE!

THOUGH TWO, THEY
STRIKE AS ONE.

THE RESULT OF YEARS
OF RIGOROUS TRAINING
AS MEMBERS OF A BAND
OF MUTANT OUTLAWS,
FIGHTING FOR THEIR
INALIENABLE RIGHT TO
SIMPLY EXIST.

FOR KURT WAGNER
AND PIOTR RASPUTIN
ARE MUCH MORE THAN
FELLOW HEROES ON A
COMMON QUEST TO
IMPROVE THEIR STATION
IN LIFE.



THEY ARE
BROTHERS-
IN-ARMS.

UNITED, NOTHING CAN
STAND AGAINST THEM.





ACHTUNG,
COLOSSUS ---
CATCH!



NOW, AS WE
PRACTICED...
BLOCK!

KLANG



*PARRY!



*THRUST!

AARGH!



AWAY!

ZARK



WHOLF-

THAT
HURT THEM!
PERHAPS THEIR
ARMOR IS NOT AS
RESILIENT AS THEY
BOASTED!

STILL,
THIS MOMENT OF
WEAKNESS WILL
PASS. COLLECTIVELY
MERGED, THE SIDRI'S
STRENGTH DWARFS
MINE AND KURT'S
COMBINED!

IF
ONLY WE
COULD BREAK THIS
CREATURE DOWN
INTO ITS THREE
COMPONENT
PARTS...

...BUT
HOW?



UNGLAUBLICH!
YOU DID IT,
PIOTR!
YOU
BROKE THEIR
LINK! GOOD
JOB, MAN!

SPACEBA,
KURT.

LET US
PRAY IT STAYS
BROKEN!



HMP.

YOU WERE
SAYING...F

AND AS OUR HEROES DESPERATELY STRUGGLE FOR SURVIVAL AGAINST ONE OF THE DEADLIEST KNOWN EXTRATERRESTRIAL RACES IN THE GALAXY...

...WE TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE MUIR ISLAND GENETIC RESEARCH CENTER ON THE NORTHERNMOST COAST OF CAPE WRATH, SCOTLAND...

...WHERE AN EQUALLY DESPERATE DR. MOIRA MACTAGGERT RAGES AGAINST CRUEL FATE IN THE NAME OF SURVIVAL.

SPECIFICALLY... HER OWN.

CAN YE NAE JUST ACCEPT ME BEIN' HERE, AN' GET ON WITH IT, LADY MOIRAP?

I'M DOIN' THIS T'HELP YE -- SO YE DINNAE HAVE T'FACE YUIR ILLNESS ALONE.

IN ALL THE YEARS I'VE BEEN YUIR LEGAL GUARDIAN, RAHNE SINCLAIR -- I CANNAE F'R THE LIFE O' ME REMEMBER EVER BEIN' AS FURIOUS WIT' YE AS I AM NOW!

THIS WAS SUPPOSED T'BE A ONE-WOMAN QUARANTINE!

LONG AS YE'RE IN HERE, YE'RE GAUNNAE BE EXPOSED T'THE LEGACY VIRUS! IT CAN KILL YE, GIRL!

MOIRA LOCKED HERSELF UP TO CONTINUE HER RESEARCH -- ALONE -- IN CASE THE VIRUS AT LAST HAD FINALLY TRIED TO -- KILL.



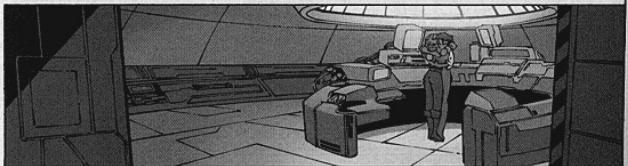
THAT DOES IT -- I'M CALLIN' THE WHOLE BLIGHT EXPERIMENT OFF, AN' GETTIN' YE OUT O' HERE!



C'MON, YE RUDDY DOOR... I DINNAE CARE IF YE'RE PROGRAMMED T'STAY MAGNETICALLY SEALED 'TIL ME JOB'S DONE!

OPEN, BLAST YE!







WHAT'RE
YOU CHAPS WAITING
FOR? LET'S RESCUE
OUR FRIENDS!

GEE, MR. WISDOM --
YOU'RE THE LAST
PERSON IN THE WORLD
I'D EVER EXPECT
COMPASSION FROM!

MY SENSORS PAINTED
AN ACCURATELY BLEAK
PORTRAIT OF OUR
FRIENDS' STATUS --

-- YET YOU DELIBERATELY
DECEIVED MEGGAN, AS
IF CONCERNED THAT THE
TRUTH MIGHT HARM HER.

QUERY:
WHYP?

'CUZ IT
NEEDED DOIN', YA
BLOODY BUCKET O'
BOLTS! NOW SHUT
YER YAP --

-- AND
JULUUMP!

MOMENTS LATER, AS WISDOM
AND DOUGLOCK PLUMMET
TOWARDS THE SIDRI SHIP...

...MEGGAN RELEASES THE
PARTED WATERS TO CUSHION
HER TEAMMATES' DESCENT...

...AND ALLOW LIFE ALONG
THE GRAND CANAL TO
RESUME ITS USUAL, PLACID
PACE.

SPLASH

WELL, FOR THE
MOST PART.

MADONNA
MIA!

WITHIN THE SIDRI SHIP,
THE BATTLE RAGES...

OH, JAP
AND HERE I
AM, ALL ALONG
NOT REALIZING WE
WERE KEEPING
SCORE...P!

YOUR
COURAGE IS WASTED,
TERRANS! TODAY, OUR
YEARS-OLD SCORE
SHALL FINALLY BE
SETTLED!

SOUNDS
A LOT LIKE ONE OF
THE -- *UHHH!* DANGER
ROOM EXERCISES AT THE
OLD SCHOOL FOR GIFTED
YOUNGSTERS -- EH,
TOVARISCH!

THE PROGRAM
FEATURING THE --
HURR! JUGGERNAUT
COMES TO MIND.
THE SIDRI ARE
NEARLY AS -- *HURR!*
IMMOVABLE
AS HE!

EXCEPT
OL' JUGGY
ON A BAD DAY
NEVER SMELLED
AS FOUL AS
THESE BEASTS!
PEW!

KRAK

UNNNH!

YOUR
SCURRILOUS
INSULTS ARE AS
HARMFUL AS YOUR
PITIFUL SWINGS,
MEET.

BUT, MIND
THAT WAGGING
TONGUE OF
YOURS...

...LEST
WE SUCE IT OFF AS
RECOMPENSE FOR THE HEDEOUS
METAMORPHOSIS WITH WHICH
YOU HAVE AFFLICTED US!











I'M GOING BACK
DOWN TO LOOK FOR
SURVIVORS.

WHO'S
WITH --



-- ME...P



TERRANS! THOUGH WE
BURN TO SLAY YOU FOR
THE TRAGEDY YOUR
DEEDS HAVE VISITED
UPON US...

...OUR WRATHFUL FRES
SHALL BE EXTINGUISHED
THIS DAY.

THE
ARTIFICIAL MUTATION
THAT MADE US AN
ABOMINATION IN THE EIGHT
OF OUR FELLOW HUNTERS IS
AT LAST BEGINNING
TO HEAL...

... THANKS
TO THE BIO-TECHNICAL
ELEMENTS EXTRACTED
FROM THE PHALANX
ANOMALY IN YOUR
COMPANY.

AND SO
IN EXCHANGE FOR
THE MEANS
TO REJOIN OUR PEOPLE,
WE GRANT YOU
THE BOON OF CONTINUED
LIFE.



USE THIS
GIFT WISELY AND
TAMPER NOT WITH THE
UNKNOWN...

LEST
THE UNKNOWN
TAMPER WITH
YOU.



A-MEN!

ACH, DOUGLOCK!

DON'T WORRY... TOO MUCH... 'BOUT ME. INTERNAL SYSTEMS ALREADY -- SQUARK! COMPENSATING FOR... DAMAGED TECHNO-ORGANICS.

I SHOULD BE -- 1001001 -- FULLY FUNCTIONAL IN... APPROXIMATELY 28.6 HOURS.

GIVE OR TAKE A YEAR...



AND WHAT OF THE SIDRIF HOW WERE YOU ABLE TO HELP THEM?

LIKE MY PEOPLE, THE SIDRI ARE A **TECHNO-ORGANIC COLLECTIVE**. THEY REQUIRE CERTAIN COMPONENTS TO MAINTAIN THE **LINK** TO THEIR RACE.

WHEN THOSE THREE WERE MUTATED, THEY LOST THOSE COMPONENTS, AND THEIR CONNECTION TO THE OTHER SIDRI.

SINCE I AM NO LONGER "USING" THE ONES BRED WITHIN ME, I SIMPLY DONATED MINE.

SO, NOT ONLY HAVE I MADE **GAMENOS** FOR THE ACCIDENTAL WRONG DONE THEM IN THE PAST...

...BUT NOW, MORE THAN EVER, I AM **FREE** OF THE PHALANX COLLECTIVE.

I AM TRULY AN **INDIVIDUAL**.



WUNDERBAR!

BULLY FOR YOU!

WHOO-DE-FRIGGIN'-DOO.





